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KILLAMS MILLS
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Stalking the Ostrich in Damaraland.

(Colonel Parker Gillmore.)

Damaraland is not an attractive country, probably less so than any part of the world I know of. But there is game in this land, a few years back it swarmed with it, and where that is to be found, in spite of danger, in spite of hardships, Englishmen will be discovered in its pursuit.

Damaraland is the true home of the magnificent gemsbok, as well as the ostrich, and lions are far from scarce. The latter have a bad reputation, and are almost as diurnal in their habits as they are nocturnal further to the eastward. Moreover, his majesty seldom roars here, and by that means gives indication of his presence.

To obtain ostrich feathers I visited this veritable 'great thirst land,' but I succeeded only in killing two birds. However, my followers did better. The natives also came frequently to my waggon, and all their purchases were paid for with these valuable commodities, for valuable the choice ones are, as will be seen when I state that in Soochong, Bamawato, I have offered a guinea a piece for them, yet was unsuccessful in obtaining what I desired. This was in the days previous to ostrich farming; still, the plumage of domestic birds is ever very much inferior to that of the wild, untrammelled wanderers of the desert.

I do not think any sportsman will differ from me when I state that there is no game so difficult to stalk as this gigantic member of the feathered tribe. It appears to be ever on the watch, while its great height gives it a wonderful command of distance. Its eyesight, hearing and sense of smell are all remarkably acute, and being—when not in a state of captivity—most timorous, these senses are in constant enployment.

When in Damaraland I had in my em-

ployment a 'Basaro' named Swartz. He was a plucky fellow, an excellent hunter, and up to the wiles and trickery of every description of game. A number of gemsbok had been seen about the waggons at break of day; so, providing himself with a goodly piece of biltong, and drinking a cup of coffee, he proceeded to the westward in the hope of adding fresh meat to the very reduced larder. About mid-day he returned, looking anything but the happy darkie who had so gaily departed a few hours before. Naturally, I demanded an explanation—a reason for the sudden change; but a long time elapsed before I received an answer.

His adventure was as follows, and was really sufficient to intimidate the most foolhardy. In unusually good stalking ground he came across some gemsbok with a fine old cock-ostrich in their society. Such a bird being worth nearly one hundred pounds to his 'boss,' he resolved to do his 'level best' to get within as short a range as possible of the prize. The day was still young and time no object, so with the utmost care he wound himself from one ant-hill to another, till he all but considered that success was a certainty. Like all stalkers, to make things doubly sure, he would get just a little closer, behind that ant-hill, twenty yards in his front. This he succeeded in accomplishing, so he rested to see that the powder was up in the nipple of his old muzzle-loader, and to replace the old cap with a fresh one. While thus engaged, he chanced to look behind him, and, to his horror, discovered that while he had been stalking the ostrich he himself had been stalked by two lions, at the moment not thirty yards in the rear. In the excitement his gun went off, not aimed at anything; but probably this fusilade saved my henchman's life, for the lions on hearing it rose from their crouched position, stared at him for a few moments, then slowly retired. How he was followed so far without being attacked, I can only account for by my man being clothed, and in such an unusual position that the lions mistook him for some unknown beast.—The 'Graphic.'

Bread Upon the Water.

('Inglis's Sabbath School.')

I was standing by the side of my mother, under the spacious porch of Dr. Beattie's church, Glasgow, awaiting the hour of afternoon service, when I observed two young men turn towards the church. They were dressed in their working clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly intoxicated. As they passed the church door, they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. My mother turned to me, and said, 'Follow those men, and invite them to a seat in our pew.'

I soon overtook them, and delivered my mother's message. One laughed scornfully, and began to swear; the other paused and pondered. I repeated the invitation, and in a few seconds he looked at me, and said, 'When I was a boy like you, I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three years. I do not feel right. I believe I will go with you.' I seized his hand and led him back to the house of God, in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion. An excellent sermon was preached from Eccles. xi., 1: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.' At the conclusion, my mother kindly said to him, 'Have you a Bible?' 'No, ma'am, but I can get one,' was the reply. 'Well, take my son's Bible until you can procure one of your own, and come to church next Lord's day. I shall always be happy to accommodate you with a seat.'

He put the Bible in his pocket and hurried away. At family worship that evening my mother prayed fervently for his conversion.

Next Sunday came, and the next, but the stranger did not appear, My mother spoke frequently of him, and appeared grieved at his absence. On the third Sabbath, while the congregation were singing the first psalm, the young man again entered our pew. He was now dressed genteelly, and appeared thin and pale. Immediately after the benediction, he laid my Bible on the desk, and left the church, without giving my mother an opportunity of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing in pencil, signed, 'W. C.' He asked to be remembered in my mother's prayers.

Years rolled on; my mother passed to her rest; I grew up; and the stranger was forgotten.

One autumn the ship 'St. George,' of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table-Bay.

Next day, being Sunday, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan chapel. At the conclusion of the worship, a gentleman, seated behind me, asked to look at my Bible. In a few moments he returned it, and I walked into the street. I had arranged to dine at the 'George,' and was mounting the steps of that hotel, when the gentleman who had examined my Bible, laid his hand on my shoulder, and begged to have a few minutes' conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated he examined my countenance with great attention, and then began to sob. Tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently laboring under some intense emotion. He asked me several questions: my name, age, occupation, birthplace, etc. He then inquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath breaker to a seat in Dr. Beattie's church? Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr. C. gave me a short history of his life.

He was born in the town of Leeds of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen years of age, his father died; and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from school and put him to learn a trade. In his new situation he became incorrigibly vicious, and broke a mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers, and travelled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. On the first Sabbath of our strange interview, he confessed that after he left the church he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and son worshipping God together recalled the happy days of his own boyhood. His mental suffering threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England and threw himself at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness. With his uncle's consent he studied for the ministry; and, on being ordained, he entered the missionary field, and had been laboring for several years in South Africa.

'The moment I saw your Bible this morning,' he said, 'I recognized it. And now, do you know who was my companion on that memorable Sabbath you invited me to church? He was the notorious Jack Hill, who was hanged about a year afterwards for highway robbery. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember Dr. Beattie's text, '"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."'

Selfishness and Generosity.

(Nepenthes, in the N. Y. 'Intelligencer.')

How selfishness and self-gratification blind one this little story fully illustrates: He was a gruff farmer. Every member of the family stood in awe of him, excepting his little daughter. She was the only member of the family who was not afraid of him. Perhaps the fact that she is only three years old and is the child of his old age has something to do with her temerity. He was hitching up the other morning preparatory to driving into town, when the little one came toddling out from the house.

'Fodder,' she lisped. 'oo buy me some pretty candy'

'Naw,' growled the man. 'I can't afford to buy anybody candy. Bread and butter's good enough for you, I reckon.

A moment later the small child returned to the attack not in the least abashed by the first rebuff.

'Fodder, 'oo buy me some nice peanuts?'

'Naw, I tell ye I can't afford to buy any foolishness like candy or peanuts for anybody.'

It must have been inspiration which prompted the child's retort, or it may have been only the beautiful generosity of the childish nature which wanted somebody to have something nice, even if her little luxuries were denied her.

'Poor fodder,' she said, with a little sigh, ''Oo afford to buy 'oo some chewing tobacco, fodder?'

When he came that night he had a box of candy and a bag of peanuts for the little girl. Perhaps she had taught him a lesson.

'Can't afford it' in too many instances simply means unwillingness to deny self of anything. All we have and possess, or the largest share, must be used for self-gratification.

And when the call comes for money to send the Gospel to benighted souls, too often the answer is 'Can't afford it,' because our life is after the type of this gruff old farmer.

It is so elsewhere. And so when the call comes for active service in the church or Christian Endeavor Society it may be, or prayer meeting, or some other organization, the same old complaint is made, 'Can't afford it.' The answer may not be exactly like this, but it means this.

Postal Crusade.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Kindly allow me to acknowledge, with many thanks, the following sums for subscriptions in papers to Quebec for Post-Office Crusade:—Mrs. Broad, 50c; Miss Jamieson, 82c; Fred. Doherty, $1; M.J.S., $1; A.E.B., $2; A Friend at Ingersoll, $2.

Faithfully,

MARGARET EDWARDS COLE.

March 20, 1903.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Job Turner's Daughter

(Maude Petitt, B.A., in 'Michigan Advocate.')

The lights were all on in the schoolroom of Amaranth Avenue church. The group of streets boys lingering about the corner saw a stream of people pouring in its doors. The night was still and hot, almost to suffocation, but in spite of this the Endeavorers had filled the room to overflowing that evening. Something interesting was going on. The crowd leaned forward with craning necks, forgetful of the oppressive heat. A young missionary from India had carried them forth to the bungalows and zenanas of that far-off land. For nearly an hour they had listened, and what was the harvest to be?

'Go forth into all the world and preach the gospel.'

Down in the heart of the audience a young trained nurse had settled months of restless questioning by yielding to God her life-service for this work. Just beside her a sweet-faced little dress-maker listened likewise to the call: 'Go ye forth into all the world.'

Oh, would she go, too? God had led her so strangely to her present place. Might she go, too? Both girls were strangers. Neither knew what was passing in the heart of the other. But a strange sympathy made them turn and hold each other's hands at the close.

Three months later, Miss Bowes, trained nurse, was sailing for India. Three months later Florence Turner sat sewing by her window at No. 90 Amaranth avenue, where the board by the door proclaimed in gilded letters, 'Fashionable Dress-Making.'

Florence Turner sighed a little as she stitched away on the beautiful fripperies of some leader of fashion. She, too, would have gone, but the mission board had settled it briefly: 'Educational qualifications insufficient. Constitution not strong enough.' It was all summed up in that, and so Florence kept on sewing by the window on Amaranth avenue. It was a pretty window, though, and a pretty avenue, and a pretty residence—an unusually pretty one.

'What an ideal life Florence Turner has for a girl who sews,' said Miss Martin to her companion an hour later, as they came down from her door.

'Yes,' said Miss Clarke; 'she is very fortunate in having a home with such a nice aunt as Mrs. Clement, and she seems to have been taken up by such nice people, too. She has a very nice circle of friends.'

'She's a nice girl. Did you hear about her disappointment over not being able to go to India?'

'Yes; too bad. Still her aunt would have missed her, and she doesn't look strong.'

Meanwhile Florence Turner stood fitting a waist on her pastor's wife.

'Never mind, my dear girl, you will find your mission-field before long,' said the sweet-faced woman. And the call came to her in the next twenty-four hours in a way she little expected.

She was sitting sewing in her usual place when the postman rang and left an envelope with the home post-mark. It was written in big school-boy characters, and not too correct spelling, that mission call. It read:

'Dear Florence,—Ma's had another stroke and she's alright now but doc Graham says it won't be safe to leev her alone no more. Old Miss Grant that run dress-making in the yallow house across from the market died two weeks ago and dad and doc Graham and the preacher think if you wood come home and take her place it wood be a lot better for ma. That Miss Grey here can't make a dress fit for a goat to wear and nobody here can take Miss Grant's place I guess Mrs doc Graham wants you to do her sewing doc said you was a swell fit when they was talking about Ma.

'Your sincere brother

'Jack Turner.

Florence Turner read her letter in her room that afternoon, and she did not come down again until the tea-bell rang. When she did her eyes were red. After tea she went back to her room and her eyes grew redder still.

It was a strange thing. Most people are willing enough to be called homeward. But Florence sat by the window in the twilight and kept her sorrows to herself. The electric lights shone among the trees below; an occasional carriage passed, and now and then a group strolled by in the evening air. But she did not see them. She saw another scene—an old, weather-worn house at the end of a side street in Jonesville; the door-steps were unpainted and rickety; the weeds and grass grew tall along the sand path that four pairs of boyish feet had packed hard. The front door left ajar revealed a bare board floor, and through an open window, with its broken pane, she could see an old four-post bedstead, and stretched across it a man in soiled blue duck overalls and slouched hat—a man dead drunk. That was her home as she had seen it last.

Her name had not always been Florence Turner. Her father, a Mr. Markham, had taught a country school, but died suddenly, leaving her an infant in her mother's arms. Her mother had, in the course of a couple of years, married Job Turner, the carpenter, who was building the new school-house in that section, and he had preferred giving Florence his own name which was at best a very questionable heritage. Job Turner sober, it is true, was a skilful man in his line. But Job drunk! All Jonesville knew what Job was like under liquor. And as time passed he was more frequently under it than over it. Boys in Jonesville Sunday-school always thought of Job on temperance Sunday, when the superintendent held up that imaginary drunkard. And poor Florence grew up a bare-footed child, running the streets of Jonesville, and known as 'Job Turner's girl.'

In the course of time, four little half-brothers had come to the house at the end of the street. Job was generally out of work, and as often as not stretched across the bed in his overalls. Poverty and poor health discouraged the weak little mother, and a house and family that might have been neat, at least, showed they were in in the hands of one who had 'no spirit in her.'

In these surroundings pretty Florence Turner had reached the age of sixteen, when suddenly Aunt Clement, her father's sister, swooped down upon her like a visitant from another world, and carried her off to the city. It was a new life. Mrs. Clement was a widow. Her husband had been a physician, and consequently, though her means were cramped, she enjoyed a rather good social standing in X——. As 'Mrs. Clement's niece,' Florence was asked out among some of those favored ones whom Mrs. Grundy terms 'our best people.' She showed no inclination for any line of work but sewing, and her aunt wisely let her follow her own bent, even at the sacrifice of a certain amount of prejudice and pride. She was apprenticed with a fashionable dressmaker, and in due time made a marked success in her line.

Life was indeed pleasant to her at twenty-one. She had been home but once in the five years, and already she was forgetting she had ever been 'Job Turner's girl.' And now to go back to it and sew the rest of her days in Jonesville! This mission call had nothing of romance in it. It was not to feathery palm shades or coral shores; there was none of the fascination of the unknown. She knew her field too well. She knew the very wood-pile, and the rain-baller, and the pump.

Then she fell to calculating in a businesslike way.

'You see,' she was saying in her own thoughts, 'it isn't as if Aunt Clement could afford to keep me and needed me. I really pay my board here, though most people don't know it. Before I came auntie had a boarder in the back parlor. And now that I am doing so well I pay her four a week for it. If I went she could get someone else to pay her five, and I might be putting my earnings into my mother's hands where they are worse needed. I am only one dressmaker among hundreds in the city. Miss Grant's business in Jonesville would mean nearly as much, and I could use the money at home.'

Yet Jonesville? And she would only be 'Job Turner's girl' again. No one would know there of how nice her surroundings had been at X——. The boys at home ranged from eight to seventeen now, and already Jack, the eldest, was turning out a little wild. Deacon Darklookout had had evil prognostications concerning his end. Then something whispered: 'Suppose you made the sacrifice. The ladies who patronized Miss Grant would not go to that old tumble-down house for their dresses.'

But her better angel answered: 'You could take the money it costs to board you in the city and rent the pretty lemon-colored house where Miss Grant lived, and move your people there. You would still have something left over.'

And what might one not expect from the boys if moved into a nice home, and if she herself, their elder sister, would try to brighten that home for them. Even Job Turner himself might brace up a little, if he found himself housed again like his neighbors. And as to her mother, her poor discouraged mother—.

'O God, forgive me, forgive the hardness of my heart that I have neglected them all so long. I have been selfish and shallow-hearted. Forgive, O Lord.'

She understood now why the Lord had not sent her to India. She had been un-

willing to serve at home. Far on into the night a white figure knelt at her bedside.

'I knew you would decide rightly, my child,' said Aunt Clement when she told her in the morning. 'They do need you at home. Of course you know how I'll miss you, dear, but they need you worse.'

And so it came that several years later a sweet face bent over a pile of sewing in the window of the pretty house on the market square in Jonesville. There were a few threads of silver already in the dark hair. Toil had written a line or two on the brow. But the eyes were filled with a strange light that seemed to brighten the room where she worked. Job Turner still drank at times, but people never spoke of Florence any more as 'drunken Job's girl.' If by chance they met him on his worst days they spoke kindly to him because he was 'that lovely Miss Turner's father.'

And as she sews two fine, gentlemanly looking boys come and bend over her with a smile that is almost lover like. These are her youngest brothers. Jack, the eldest, has turned out a fine, manly fellow and an industrious tradesman. His next brother had followed in his steps, but for these two the school-room had its fascination, and ambitions for college halls were already awakening in their hearts.

'I think it can be managed,' said Florence, when they talked it over one night. 'Aunt Clement left her house to me, you know, when she died last spring. We will move there. I will put out my shingle in the same old place. We'll keep a boarder or two and you and Ross can go to college. I have saved enough to help you a good part of the way through.'

Then one Sunday night, their last in Jonesville, Ross came to her with another little confidence.

'Yes, Ross, my boy, I have felt it long that the Lord had his hand upon you for his ministry. I felt it since that night I heard you talking to father in the kitchen. He has never drank since that.'

Yet several years again, and one of the large churches of X—— was filled to overflowing. It was the farewell service for a group of young missionaries about to sail. Among those who spoke of their call to service one arose who was set apart for India. He told of a sweet elder sister who had been the inspiration of his boyhood, who had toiled with her needle and sacrificed that he might be clad to go to college. The audience heard the story with moist eyes. And down in their midst a sweet-faced little woman blushed and looked nervously around lest anyone should know. But no one guessed that that sweet face had aught to do with the tale. At the close of the service a lady missionary from India came up to give the young man a few words of cheer. At his side Florence met her face to face. It was the girl who sat beside her in that Endeavor meeting so many years ago. They touched hands again. Each had offered her life for India, and looking from one face to the other Miss Bowes understood the young man's story of that night.

'You have answered India's cry as well as I,' she said to Florence. 'Indeed, who can say you have not answered far more abundantly?'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Angie's Picnic

(Anna D. Walker, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Angie Belton was thirteen years old, the eldest of four children, the others all boys. The mother was seriously ill and was away in a hospital, and the grand-aunt, Miss Sears, had come from her distant home to take charge of the household in Mrs. Belton's absence.

Now, Angie had resented the idea of anyone's taking charge of the household, when there was such a great, grown-up girl as herself to do it. She indignantly exclaimed: 'Just as if I wasn't capable of taking care of a handful of children and myself! H'm! I don't see what papa is thinking about,' and the fire burned hotter and fiercer, till, when Aunt Samantha arrived, the climax was reached and Angie met her with a frown and gave her not one word of welcome. The misguided girl also boldly told her brothers not to mind Aunt Samantha, but to come, as was proper, to their sister for advice and assistance. What is more, she encouraged the baby's fear of the stranger till the child would not allow the dear, good aunt to touch him.

One sinner truly destroyeth much good, and in this case, Angie succeeded in making an unhappy household, till a week had gone by under this new state of affairs. And now Angie began to arrange for a party in the woods. She had for a neighbor a girl near her own age, and these two were inseparable companions. The plan of these wise-headed girls was to take the children of both families and spend an afternoon in the woods, and have a luncheon there. The other family contained the same number of children as that of the Beltons; but while the Belton baby was but one year old, the Jordan baby was almost two. Still, it was concluded that the babies, dishes and refreshments could all be carried in one baby carriage.

Aunt Samantha saw the preparations going on and was troubled; for it was only April, and quite a wet, backward, season.

At length she remonstrated thus: 'I wouldn't go out to the woods to have a party, it's so damp and chilly; and besides, we are pretty sure of a shower this afternoon. Have your party here, in the house, can't you?'

'No; we cannot,' answered Angie, firmly. 'We are going to have a party in the woods!'

'Then leave the baby with me; he will be so much better protected. I know how to care for babies,' pleaded the patient auntie.

'Indeed, I'll do no such thing! He'd cry his eyes out, and, besides, it's one thing I'm going for to give him an outing.' And all the while Angie's whole tone and manner was resentful and haughty.

The father was absent on a visit to his wife, and Aunt Samantha felt herself powerless to stop the proceeding, which she considered so unwise, and so with sorrow saw the children start off. They were in high glee, and their scornful laughter over the idea of a shower came back painfully to Aunt Samantha's ears.

The woods were a quarter of a mile from the starting-point, and it was no small task to get the heavily laden baby carriage to the place of destination, for the roads were muddy and in poor order generally; but by dint of strength and perseverance, at length the feat was accomplished, and immediately Angie and her companions set out the dishes and refreshments. All this was very fine, but just when the little party were about to seat themselves upon the wet and mossy ground in lieu of stools or chairs, down came the rain in great splashing drops, wetting the food, the tablecloth and the children. The babies, hitherto amused by the scene, began to cry, and all was bustle and consternation. In a few moments the sandwiches and cake were so soaked as to be useless except to leave for food for the birds. Angie's pretty tea-set, of which she was so fond, was broken in the hurry; at least in part, but there was no time to stop to mourn over the accident; to get home was all the desire now.

When the wet, drabbled looking party did reach home, no one could have been kinder than Aunt Samantha, but the baby would not allow her to touch him, and would you believe it, Angie was still cross and resentful.

At length, however, after all the hindrances, the wet chidren were arrayed in dry garments and felt more comfortable.

But before nightfall, Angie was seized with a violent headache, and was compelled to retire. Still, she kept her indignation in a flame.

Ah; but all the consequences of the wetting had not come yet. It was at midnight, when the household was wrapped in sleep, that the baby began to croak with that sound that fills the heart with terror. Aunt Samantha was all now, Angie being wholly unable to rise, and simply having no knowledge with which to meet the emergency. After a dreadful two hours of fright and distress, baby was relieved and the physician, who had been summoned, ventured to leave the house.

Aunt Samantha now began to set the room to rights, feeling too disturbed and excited to rest. Baby was asleep beside Angie, but the dear old auntie still feared a fresh attack of the dread disorder. Presently she heard a sob and then a whispered, Oh, auntie, auntie, won't you come here!'

In a moment the summons was answered, and Aunt Samantha leaned over Angie, saying tenderly, 'What is it, dear? Are you much sick?'

'Oh, no, no! not much, but oh, so sorry for being so bad to you! Can you forgive me?' and Angie's whole frame shook with sobs.

The dear, kind auntie gathered up the girl in her arms, and such a peace compact was made as could not be easily broken. From that time till the mother's return Angie was Aunt Samantha's comfort.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

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Her Italian Friends

(C. M. Williams, in 'Youth's Companion.')

Every day before Dennis Carroll leaves home for work, he goes to where his eldest daughter, Maggie, sits by the window, and kisses her and slips a nickel into her hand.

'Make them give you a good nickel's worth to-day,' he says.

'Oh, they always do, father!' she returns.

Then the mother gets the children ready for the summer school, and by and by they go—all except Maggie. For Maggie cannot go. She cannot arise from her chair without assistance. She has been an invalid for years—ever since the day she slipped and fell on the stairs.

All day long she sits in her invalid's chair by the window that overlooks the court. She does not read much,—although she has books and papers in plenty given her,—for it hurts her head to read. She likes to talk with people, although not always, because most people put too much pity in their voices. And she does not want to be pitied. She wants people to be jolly, and to gossip and joke with her, as her father does. This is why she welcomes her Italian friends so gladly. Every fine day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, just when it is hottest and sultriest, just when Maggie is feeling most tired and worn out, they come into the court, the man pushing the piano-organ before him, the woman aiding. They stop before Maggie's window, which fortunately is on the ground floor.

The man lifts his hat, smiles and bows. The woman, too, smiles gayly, and gives her tambourine a brisk anticipatory shake.

'Good-a day! Good-a day!'

Maggie returns their salutations gravely, with a quaint touch of formal ceremony in the staid little bend of her head, as if she were a young princess receiving the court minstrels. But her eyes, full of a shining pleasure, welcome the ambulant musicians. And they understand. Again they smile. The man turns the organ crank, the lively tune begins, the woman swings her tambourine with deft hands and nimble fingers. The children throng around and dance. Neighbors lean out of the windows to listen.

'Ah! 'Tis Maggie Carroll's Italians again!' says one.

This is the golden hour of the sick girl's dull, monotonous day.

The music stops. The man takes off his heavy cloth cap (Maggie wonders he can wear it in such hot weather) and comes, bowing and smiling, under Maggie's window. He always comes to her first, and always with an assured air. The pride with which the girl receives this recognition of her pre-eminence is keen and perennial, and with beaming eyes she stretches out her arm and drops her nickel in the cap.

'Much-a thank! Much-a thank!' says the organ-grinder, bowing low. He goes here and there with outstretched cap, now and then getting a penny, sometimes nothing at all. But always there is Maggie's nickel.

They play one more tune, and then, with a 'Good-a day' to Maggie, they trudge away, and the girl lies back in her chair, happy and satisfied. To-night when the father comes home she will tell him how 'much she got for her nickel,' what tunes she heard and how many. And to-morrow, she knows, the Italians will come again.

Once, a short while ago, the factory in which Mr. Carroll works shut down for a fortnight. During the first week Maggie had her nickel the same as usual, and that week was especially delightful to her, for her father would sit with her to hear the music. But when a laboring man with a large family is idle, every nickel counts, and by the middle of the second week there were no nickels left to buy music. Dennis, hating to witness the girl's silent distress, left the house. At three o'clock the musicians came.

'Good-a day!' they cried. The man put his hand to the organ-crank. Maggie beckoned to him. The smiling Italian ran under the window.

'I've got no money to-day,' said Maggie, in a quivering voice, 'and—and I don't want you to play for nothing.' To Maggie, this daily concert was her own concern. She felt herself responsible for it. Her eyes were blinking a little as she looked at the brown, ear-ringed minstrel.

'Ho! ho!' he laughed. 'Gotta no monna, eh? That all-a right! Sure! Sure!'

He ran back to the organ. He spoke for a moment to his companion, who turned and waved her hand and smiled at Maggie. They played tune after tune, briskly, happily. Never before had Maggie had such a concert. And they came every day thereafter, the same as ever.

When they came on the next Monday, Maggie had her nickel ready. Mr. Carroll had returned to work, and had drawn out some money especially for her. And, it must be said, the music sounded better to her then.

Ground Rock as a Medicine.

The rich people of the cities go to the 'springs' to be cured of various ailments. They take hot and cold baths in the Mineral water and drink it, gallons of it, and go home relieved, if not cured. Most people cannot afford to do this, and necessarily suffer and bear it. The mineral forming such a large part of the water comes from the mineral ore at the bottom of the spring. Prof. Theo. Noel, a geologist, of Toronto, Ont., discovered a mine of this Ore many years ago while prospecting in the south-west, and is now grinding and selling it under the name of Vitae-Ore, and as such the medicine has become well known to the readers of this paper.

The ground Ore, as sold for market, is mixed with water by the purchaser, and has then the same properties as the waters of the springs, only in a highly concentrated form, rendering it much more effective as a medicine. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and will do for the tired and worn-out system and vital organs what no man-made medicine can.

Prof. Noel, the discoverer of the mineral, wants to send every reader of this paper and their friends and relatives a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitae-Ore on thirty days' trial, the receiver to pay nothing unless satisfied, and he or she is to be the judge. Read the magnificent offer in this issue under the heading 'PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS,' and send for a package on trial, mentioning this paper.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Hope Dunton's Plan

(Anne H. Woodruff, in 'Ram's Horn.')

The Young People's Society of a certain church found themselves in an unpleasant position. They had pledged themselves to help support a foreign missionary for five years. The step did not meet with the approval of some of the older members of the church, who said that the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, and the Home Missionary Society, besides the different schemes of the church, were enough in the way of missionary enterprise. This dash of cold water did not chill the ardor of the Young People's Society, and so the pledge was given.

For two years the amount was forthcoming, and the young people congratulated themselves, receiving in return from their missionary glowing accounts of his work. Never was the light and hope of the Gospel more needed than in this particular portion of the Lord's vineyard, and never were there more magnificent results. It would be a crime to deny these people the Bread of Life—indeed. men should be sent by the hundred instead of singly to this promising field.

This plea for help came as the Society was listening to a statement of its resources and liabilities. The money due this especial work would not be needed until the end of the year, but, judging by the way things were working, only a small portion would be ready when it was needed.

'It looks discouraging,' remarked the president, after waiting in vain for someone to speak. 'I am sure I don't know how it is to be raised. Has anyone anything to suggest?'

'We might appeal to the church to help us this year,' timidly hazarded one of the members.

'I don't think we ought to do that,' said Hope Dunton, rising. There was a red spot on each cheek, and a spark of fire in her dark eyes. 'We have no right to shirk our obligations, nor to throw them upon others. I believe in standing by a pledge so solemnly given. Can anyone listen to such a letter as was read to-night, and not feel that we must raise the money, whatever else we leave undone?'

'Perhaps you will tell us how we are going to do it,' said Daisy Hartwell—a stylishly dressed young lady who sat in front of Hope,—a trifle sarcastically. 'We have had entertainments until everyone is heartily sick of hearing of the very name. I am tired of being on committees.'

Hope sat with her eyes fixed upon the rich apparel of the girl before her, in a brown study, and after a few moments, answered:

'I have nothing to propose to the male members of this Society, but if the girls will join me in a plan, I think we can raise half of the amount. In this question of giving, there ought to come in some self-denial and self-sacrifice. If we girls promise to raise one-half, will not the young men undertake to do the rest? That is for this year only. The next two years must look out for themselves.'

'It will never do for us to show the white feather, when the ladies are so brave,' said the president, 'but I wish we had the benefit of your plan.'

He said to Hope, after the meeting: 'Well, Miss Hope, are you not generous enough to share with me your great idea.

or have you no faith in my sex's capacity for self-denial?'

'Yes, I have, and I will,' was Hope's somewhat incoherent reply. She explained what was in her mind, and he declared he was willing to try it with the young men.

At Hope's request, the girls met at her home one afternoon that week. Without any preamble, she made known to them her plan.

'It came into my mind while I sat behind Daisy, that her hat must have cost a good deal—I know mine did—and in the face of that letter, it did seem wicked to wear such expensive things when money is so much needed to carry on our dear Lord's work. What I want us to do, is for each one to spend on our clothes no more than is absolutely necessary to make us comfortable and respectable, for this year. That leaves room for good taste and beauty as well. What we save in that way is to go toward keeping our pledge. Here is an opportunity for that self-sacrifice that we are always talking and preaching about in our meetings—a chance to show that we mean what we say.'

'Oh, dear,' sighed Daisy, 'one doesn't want to look a fright.'

'That would be impossible for you, dear,' said Hope, brightly—Daisy was very pretty. 'You know the old saying about "Beauty Unadorned." And really simple things are as pretty as more costly ones, only we have got into the way of valuing things by what we pay for them.'

'I'm afraid that my help in that way will not amount to much,' remarked a plainly dressed girl, with an attempt at a smile, 'but I am willing to do as the rest do. I have plenty of last year's shirt waists that are whole, if not in the fashion, and I can make my hats do.'

'That is what I mean,' said Hope, eagerly. 'Let us be independent, and wear out last year's things. We can defy fashion for once, and not look so very bad either. I am sure'—very reverently—'that we will look better in the eyes of the only One whose opinion we, as Christians, ought to care about. Oh! I do feel as if it would please him.'

'Well, Hope, you strange girl, I will do it for one,' said Daisy Hartwell. 'It will be fun, too, only I shouldn't wonder if it made us think more about our clothes than ever. Papa gives me an allowance, and I shall keep an account of every cent. I can be a real little miser, only I shall not be hoarding it for myself. You dress pretty well yourself, Hope, and I imagine that between us, we may be able to save quite a little sum.'

'I never looked at it this way before,' replied Hope, blushing, 'but I intend to be conscientious about my dressing after this.'

If often a smile went round among the girls at the sight of a simple and inexpensive hat, and other things to correspond upon a (heretofore) very stylishly apparelled young person, it was neither an envious nor a scornful smile. On the contrary, a light of loving appreciation often lit up the faces of those girls who with less of this world's wealth, were denying themselves many a pretty trifle for the Master's sake.

The months went by. It began to be whispered about that the young men also had a secret, and that the fund was booming, which established a friendly rivalry.

It only remains to be said that these offerings were more than enough to meet the obligation of the Society for the year, and to give them a good start for the next.

From Cover to Cover

(Elizabeth Holmes, in 'Wellspring.')

There has recently appeared a small book by Dean Briggs, of Harvard, entitled 'School, College, and Character,' which contains suggestive words for every young man or woman whose purpose is to make the most of himself in life. Dean Briggs declares that the curse of modern education is its 'painless methods'; that knowledge which does not overcome obstacles —'knowledge which merely absorbs what it can without disagreeable effort is not power; it is not even manly receptivity.'

The picture which he draws is not a pleasant one; but it is one that should command thoughtful attention as the experience of a man who knows whereof he speaks. 'Again and again,' he says, 'I have seen college students who have become almost hopelessly debilitated from excessive attention to their individual needs . . .the bent of whose minds has been followed till their minds have lost all power of attention or concentration—unless something new has come to fascinate them, so that their very attention has seemed a weakness rather than a strength, a yielding of the mind rather than a conquering of the mind.' He quotes as pitifully true in the expectation of many boys, the kind of education Mr. Dooley satirizes when he pictures the college president saying to the would-be student, 'Me dear boy, what special branch in larning wud ye like to have studied f'r ye be our competint professors?'

In contrast to this picture is an incident in James Freeman Clark's sketch of Samuel May. At one time a farmer's boy came to Mr. May and told him that he had had but a common school education, but he wanted to study for the ministry, and asked what he would recommend. Mr. May gave him Locke on the 'Understanding,' telling him to read it thoughtfully and when he had finished it to come back and report. At the end of a year, the boy brought back the book. He was utterly disheartened.

'It is no use for me to try to be a student, Mr. May,' he said. 'You see, it has taken me a whole year to read one book.'

But Mr. May refused to be discouraged. 'Let us see what you know about it,' he said, cheerfully. He opened the book and began questioning. The boy answered. The questions grew more difficult; still the boy answered promptly. Before the examination was over, Mr. May had discovered a man. There was not a point anywhere in the book, that the farmer's boy did not know. He had conquered his book.

It is not difficult to foresee the sequel. Encouraged by Mr. May, this young man set his will to its large task, went through the university, and afterwards became a happy and successful minister. The resolution which would not give up a difficult task until it was mastered was the power which conquered life.

They Heard Jenny Lind

('Presbyterian Banner.')

It is years since Jenny Lind died, and many more years since her voice was heard in America. Yet so great was her gift and so sunny and lovable her character that every memory of her is a pleasure, even to-day. Mr. C. H. Wyman recalls an incident which is interesting in itself, and also characteristic of the great Swedish singer.

In 1849, my father, Prof. Edward Wyman, had erected in St. Louis a building intended mainly to accommodate his 'English and Classical High School.' The enrollment of the school numbered upward of four hundred. The fourth floor was devoted to class-rooms, the third floor for the whole school, where each boy had his desk and chair.

In the arrangement of the building the second floor had been fitted up as a public hall, which my father 'let' for respectable entertainments. It was for some years the most desirable, if not the only hall for such purposes in the city. Between the school auditorium above and the public hall below, that is, through the floor of the former and in the ceiling of the latter, a large opening was properly screened from below, but the ventilator was put in use by raising two large trap-doors in the floor of the school-room above. Of course it was ordinarily used only at night and during the progress of entertainments in the public hall below.

When Jenny Lind came to St. Louis my father's hall was engaged for her concert. As elsewhere, the prices for admission to hear her were high, and many were disappointed. In school one day my father electrified his pupils by asking them if they would like to hear Jenny Lind. Of course they would.

'Well,' he informed them, 'then I shall expect you to be on your best behavior. She will sing for you in a very few minutes, and perfect quiet must be maintained until you get further orders.'

In the meantime Jenny Lind—all unconscious of the school—had reached the building and entered the public hall below, either for a rehearsal or to try the acoustic properties of the room previous to the concert in the evening. My father quietly raised the trap-doors in the floor of the school-room, and in a few moments from below up through the ventilator came the sweet notes of that wonderful voice.

The boys drank in the music with delight and in perfect silence.

When they ceased, upon signal from my father, thunders of applause from the boys went down through the ventilator. This was immediately followed by a glorious school song, ending with a whistling chorus.

When the echoes of this had passed away, up through the ventilator came the faint clapping of a pair of hands which we knew to be Jenny Lind's, and then came another sweet aria, or some song that took the boys by storm. They gave her another chorus, and again she returned the compliment. And so, after 'three times three,' the trap-doors were closed.

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How Ruth Won

(Helen M. Teachout, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

'I'm afraid it was an unwise thing to let Ruth go to Rockford for an entire year.'

'Why, father?' Mrs. Morse looked up in surprise.

'She is only sixteen, and easily impressed. You know I spent two weeks with Albert the winter I went south, and theirs is unquestionably a godless home. Albert and Mary, though kind-hearted naturally, are actual scoffers in matters of religion.'

'But Ruth is a steadfast Christian, although she is so young, and it does seem like a fine opportunity for her to complete her education there. It does not seem right to stand in the way of her mental advancement.'

'Yet her spiritual advancement is of greater importance, and for her to live in that atmosphere so long—' Mr. Morse ended by shaking his head dubiously.

'You should have thought of all that before she went, father. It is a little late now, that she is there and already started in school.'

'I know, I know. I'll admit I thought only of the advantages of the education at first. Well, it may be my fears are groundless in the main. Ruth is a good girl, and I hope she will stand by her convictions of right and wrong.'

Thus the subject was dropped between them, and during the ten months that Ruth remained at Rockford the bright characteristic letters that she sent home each week contained no hint to justify her father's misgivings.

When school closed in June, Ruth lost no time in speeding away to her beloved northern home and to the parents who, with almost childlike eagerness, looked forward to her coming.

There was a change, evidently, but not of the kind which Mr. Morse had foreboded.

Ruth was taller, more graceful, prettier than ever, and with an acquired correctness and fluency of speech that gave her an added charm. But her old frank and simple ways remained unchanged, and the sweetness of a loving Christian spirit shone from her soft brown eyes.

Upon the morning following her return, Ruth took part in family worship as she had always done, and when they rose from their knees, Mrs. Morse bent over and kissed her daughter tenderly, as she said:

'Do you know, dearie, we were almost afraid you might forget Christ while you were at Uncle Albert's?'

Ruth looked serious and replied in a low voice:

'I might have done so, mother, if it hadn't been for precious old Aunt Lydia. It was hard at first. I didn't tell you anything in my letters. Aunt May was quite displeased because I would not go with her to the theatres. (Uncle does not care to go, you know.) I went twice, and then saw it was beginning to fascinate me, and that I could not live near to Christ and continue to attend. Uncle laughed at my beliefs continually, always in a good-natured way. I do not suppose he dreams how deeply his words hurt me. I was discouraged, and thought I must come home, but one day I went to visit Aunt Lydia, and before I knew how it happened, I was crying with my face in her lap, and had told her the whole trouble. She comforted me, and we knelt together while she prayed for me. Then as I was going, she said:

'"Don't yield an inch, Ruth, to what you know to be wrong. Try to be cheerful and happy always, and you may win them yet. Remember, Christ is always at hand, I am here, and together we will maintain the 'balance of power' in favor of right."

'I did as she instructed. It was hard at first, but afterwards it was easier, and I do believe it would not take a great deal of persuasion now to bring uncle and aunt to Christ.'

And as Ruth went about the household tasks that day she sang softly the words through which the consecration of her sweet young spirit shone:

I'll live for Him who died for me,
How happy then my life shall be;
I'll live for Him who died for me,
My Saviour and my God.'

Heart Beauty.

(Miss May Everett Glove, in 'New York Observer.')

'It is a pity that Margaret is so—well, is so homely.'

'Margaret homely! You would never say that if you knew her better.'

Mrs. Carter looked up in surprise.

'Certainly, no one would call those irregular features anything but ugly? Poor girl, she must feel it when she is with her sisters, for their beauty is such a contrast.'

'You never think of her features when you are about her. She is so ready to do a favor, and is so kind and gentle in her ways. She has always a kind word for everybody.'

I heard a slight rustle behind me, and glanced around just in time to see Margaret disappear down the steps; she must have been reading in her favorite nook among the honeysuckles at the end of the piazza. That night she came into my room as usual for a little chat before retiring, but she was unusually quiet as she sat on the stool at my feet, and gazed at the fire in the grate, for the night was cool.

'I don't know what you will think of me,' she said at last, and there was a tremor in her voice, 'but I could not help overhearing what you said about me this afternoon, and I want to thank you for it. You see, I am so 'homely,' as Mrs. Carter said, and I have always felt it, especially when people will compare me with Edith and Laura, and speak of their beauty. Don't think that I am envious, I am proud of them that they are so pretty, but I can't help being sensitive about my ugliness. I used to get angry and fret because my hair wouldn't curl, and because my mouth was so large and my nose such an ugly shape; until I guess I was getting as ugly inside as I was out,' she smiled sadly. 'One day an old woman came to the house selling laces, and when she went out of the gate she fell. I ran down and helped her up and straightened the things in her basket for her. She laid her hand on my shoulder and said:

'"God bless you, young leedy, youse not got the beauty that's skin deep. No, youse not got skin beauty, youse got the heart beauty, that's inside. Youse got a kind word for an old woman. God bless you, child."

'Well, that "heart beauty" was a new idea to me, and I thought over it a great deal; and I made up my mind that I would try to have that if I could not have the "skin beauty," and if I was kind to everybody they wouldn't think of my ugly face. What you said this afternoon — well it made me feel that I was gaining a little at least. It was the first time I ever heard anyone say that I was anything but horrid ugly.' She laughed, but there were tears in the gray eyes that looked into mine.

'Heart beauty, I shall try to have it if I can,' she said, half aloud, then gazed fixedly again at the fire.

Newspaper and Public Morals

At a meeting of the Ethical Union of Springfield, Mass., a few evenings ago, Mr. Harry P. Taber addressed a large number of its members on the well-worn but by no means uninteresting subject of 'The attitude of the modern daily newspaper towards public morals.' Mr. Taber took the ground that the people are responsible for the newspapers. If their influence is for evil, the people are paying for the evil, and they get what they want.

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The following are the contents of the issue of March 21, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Inspiration of Grandfathers—'The Speaker,' London; 'The Spectator,' London.
The Panama Canal To-day—'The Evening Post,' New York.
Testing the Rights of Strikers—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
An Important Injunction—New York 'Sun'; New York 'Evening Post.'
A Good Woman Patriot—'Morning Leader,' 'Daily News,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Lady of the Haunting Smile—By Edith Heyer, in the Springfield 'Republican.'
Tolstoi and the Others—'Saturday Review,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Poet's Crown—By Charles W. Stubbs, in 'The Pilot,' London.
March Winds—By Will H. Ogilvie, in 'The Spectator,' London.
The Bonnet—'Academy and Literature,' London.
Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., on Journalism—Birmingham 'Daily Post.'
The Novelist's Handy Man—'Punch,' London.
Our Modern Froissart—'Daily News,' London.
J. Henry Shorthouse—'Daily News,' London.
'Wee MacGreegor' in a Boat—J. J. Bell, in the Glasgow 'Herald.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Man's Place in the Universe—A Much Discussed Article—By Alfred Russel Wallace, in the 'Fortnightly Review,' London. Abridged.
Dr. Wallace's Theory Scouted in Paris—By W. Camille Flammarion, M. Berthelot and M. Loewy, in the New York 'Herald.'
Food Reform—'Daily Chronicle.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

How Herman Slept in the Minister's Chair.

(A. M. Tirrell, in Little Men and Women.)

Herman was staying in the country with Grandpa and Grandma Brown. Uncle Eli and Aunt Jane lived about a mile from Grandpa Brown's. It was less than a mile if you went there across lots; that is, if you went up the cow lane and took the path down through the sheep pasture. Herman often went that way. Uncle Eli and Aunt Jane had no little grandson and they liked to have Herman visit them. Herman liked to go there because Aunt Jane made very nice apple turnovers and Uncle Eli often let him ride old Trotty to the watering-trough. Old Trotty was Uncle Eli's horse.

One Saturday morning Herman went over to Uncle Eli's to spend the day and to stay all night. He was going to church on Sunday with Uncle Eli and Aunt Jane, and then going to ride home with grandpa and grandma. It rained for an hour on Saturday afternoon and Herman felt afraid that the two little turkeys that grandpa had given him would get drowned in the wet grass. It worried him so that he thought he would go back to grandpa's that evening instead of staying at Uncle Eli's all night. He did not like to go through the wet fields across lots, and he asked Aunt Jane if he might not go home by the road.

"Yes," said Aunt Jane, "if you will go straight home and not stop to play anywhere. Little boys ought not to be out after dark." She gave him a little paper bag with an apple turnover in it, and she told him again to hurry home, as it was getting late.

Herman started for grandpa's, intending to mind Aunt Jane and not stop to play on the way. But, as he was going by the village church, he noticed that the door was open and someone was singing inside. He stopped a moment to listen; and then, somehow, he found himself in the church and going on tiptoe up the aisle, until he could see three or four people in the gallery practicing choir music for Sunday.

"I have a good mind to go on up into the pulpit," he whispered to himself. "I should like to tell the boys at school, next winter, that I have been right up in a real pulpit where the minister preaches." And then he went on up the aisle to the pulpit stairs. He climbed the stairs, peeped into the big Bible, and then sat down in the minister's chair.

It was a very comfortable chair. Herman leaned his head against its plush back and suddenly thought how tired he was. He felt hungry, too, and he took Aunt Jane's apple turnover out of the bag and began to nibble at it as he rested. The singing seemed to grow fainter and fainter. Herman nodded and then —he was fast asleep.

The singers locked the church-door and went home. They had not seen Herman at all.

After a while the moonlight streamed in through the church windows. A mouse came out of its hole and looked in wonder at a little boy fast asleep in the minister's chair, and holding an apple turnover in his hand.

Cousin Mary's Way.

Fred said he knew his Sunday-school lesson all by heart.

'Why, Fred,' said Cousin Mary, 'you surprise me.'

Now Fred liked to have Cousin Mary think well of him, and he looked about an inch taller as he replied, 'It seems as if anybody might learn so short a lesson as that—only ten verses.'

'Oh, it is a great thing to learn a lesson like that by heart.'

'What do you mean, Cousin Mary?'

'I was just thinking about this little verse, "If ye forgive not, neither will your Father forgive your tresspasses." That is a part of the lesson which you say you know by heart; but I heard you say a few minutes ago, that you would never forgive Bob Brown as long as you lived!'

Fred had never thought about this way of learning a lesson by heart. When he had it all on his tongue, he had thought that he knew it by heart. Cousin Mary's way was better.—'Our Little Dots.'

It was midnight when the people of the little country village were startled by the violent ringing of the church bell.

"Dear me, what can it mean? What has happened?" they said, as they rushed to the windows. Lights were lit and then men and women began to appear on the streets. The bell kept on ringing and the minister and two or three other men started for the church. Uncle Eli was among them. Some women followed them, saying that they must be careful about opening the church door, for there was no telling who was ringing the bell. One man had his gun with him. The sexton opened the church-door and what do you suppose he saw at the bell rope? Why, a frightened little boy, crying as if his heart would break!

"Why, Herman!" cried Uncle Eli. "How came you here?"

"I woke up in the pulpit," sobbed Herman. "I screamed and screamed, but nobody heard me. Then I thought of the bell-rope. Take me to grandpa's. Oh, I wish I had minded Aunt Jane!"

The next day when the minister went up into the pulpit to preach he came very near sitting down on what the mouse had left of Aunt Jane's apple turnover.

Why Ben Went to the Baby Class.

He did not look in the least like a baby, as he started off to Sunday-school in his trim blue suit and white necktie. And he did not feel like a baby, either. Why should he, when he had been going to school for two years and had brought home a good report card every month out of that time?

But there was a mischievous spirit in Ben that morning. He did not sing with the rest of the school, though his teacher found the place in the hymn-book for him. He took no part in the opening exercises, and the lesson was hardly begun before he started to whisper a long story to Herbert Joyce.

The patient teacher reproved him gently, and tried to interest him in what she was saying. But Ben would not be interested. He kept on talking till the other boys could not pay good attention to their lessons, and it seemed as if the hour was likely to be wasted.

Just then the superintendent passed, and the teacher spoke to him. 'Mr. Berry, what do you suppose can be the trouble with a boy who will not listen to the lesson and will not let the other boys listen either?'

The superintendent looked at Ben. 'If a boy acts in that way,' he said after a minute, 'I think it must be because he is not quite old enough to have learned how to behave in a class like this. I know a better place for him.'

He took the astonished Ben by the hand, and led him down to the baby class, where there were a lot of little fellows in kilts and curls. 'I have brought you a new scholar, Miss May,' said the superintendent. 'This seems to be just the place for him.'

The teacher smiled as she made room for Ben, but her pleasant welcome could not lift the cloud from his spirits. His cheeks grew red and hot. It was all he could do to keep from crying. He, Ben Henleigh, the best scholar in the whole second grade, put into the same class with little boys, some of whom did not even go to kindergarten! He did not know how to bear the disgrace of it.

He hated to think of telling his mother what had happened, but he could not keep the uncomfortable secret. Out it came the minute he was in the house. 'Just think, mamma! they s'posed I b'longed to the baby class. And I'm seven, and my suit's the eight-year old size.'

Then he cried and mamma asked some questions. 'Which is the thing to be most ashamed of, dear,' she asked at length, when she understood it all, 'to be thought a little boy who doesn't know just how to behave, or to be thought a big boy who will not do as well as he knows, a boy who is old enough to understand what is right and yet chooses to do wrong?'

Ben looked bewildered. For a moment he thought hard.

'I guess it's worse to be big and to act as if you was so little that you didn't know anything,' he admitted at last in a faint voice. 'I never thought of that before.'

And, what is better, he never forgot it.—'Happy Hours.'

Not My Own.

(By Jessie Macgregor, in 'Temperance Record.')

If I should give to God my heart—
He asks me for my heart, you know—
Would it be right to heedless live,
Do things that make me mean and low;
And would it hurt my heart to stay
In his kind keeping every day?

If I should give to God my lips—
He wants to keep them pure and sweet—
No liquor vile nor leaf must tempt
My lips to sin, to use deceit.
How grand 'twould be if lips were clean
And true and kind and never mean!

So if my hands were God's, I dare
Do nothing wrong for anyone;
And if my feet were His, I'd be
A soldier who would never run
Except in ways of right to try
To stop the evil rushing by.

Safe pledges never have a strand
Too strong, because the foe is strong;
He waits and watches night and day
And thinks the children all belong
To him; so there is danger's edge,
And we are safer with a pledge.

Tis safe to walk with God, and now
Is just the time I should begin;
So take my hands, my lips, my feet,
My life before 'tis weak with sin!
My heart, my work, my years are His,
And angels are the witnesses.

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

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LESSON II.—APRIL 12.

I. Corinthians xv., 20, 21, 50-58.

Golden Text.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. —I. Corinthians xv., 20.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 6.—I. Cor. xv., 12-21.
Tuesday, April 7.—I. Cor. xv., 22-32.
Wednesday, April 8.—I. Cor. xv., 33-45.
Thursday, April 9.—I. Cor. xv.,46-58.
Friday, April 10.—I. Thess. iv., 13-18.
Saturday, April 11.—John v., 21-29.
Sunday, April 12.—I. Cor. xv., 1-11.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

THE RESURRECTION.

20. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.

21. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

50. Now, this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

51. Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.

52. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

53. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

54. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory.

55. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

56. The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.

57. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

58. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

INTRODUCTION.

At Easter we usually give special attention to the subject of the resurrection. This is right, for the doctrine of Christ's death and resurrection is the hope of the world. As Paul says: 'If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.' But we make a mistake if we confine the study of this inspiring theme to one particular time of the year. It should at all times be one of the uppermost subjects in the mind of the Christian.

The book from which our lesson is taken is the first letter of Paul to the Corinthians, written toward the close of his long residence in Ephesus. Paul writes with a view to correcting errors and throwing light upon questions imperfectly understood. The subject of the resurrection was one of those in dispute, as we learn by verse 12 of this chapter, 'Now, if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?'

This fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians is one of the great chapters in the Bible. It is called 'The Resurrection Chapter,' and has attracted especial attention on the part of Bible students and commentators. Stanley says it is 'the earliest extant account of the resurrection of Christ.' Farrar remarks, 'No human words ever written have brought such comfort to millions of mourners as the words of this chapter.' It is, then, worthy of unusual attention. In taking it up we are to consider one of the most solemn, most vital and most hopeful subjects that the Bible has to present to us.

In the first part of the chapter Paul deals with the proofs of the resurrection. This event had taken place about twenty-five years before, and the risen Christ had been seen by a large number of persons, several groups, and individuals of whom he particularly mentions. Last of all, Paul himself had seen him. He presents an overwhelming mass of evidence of the fact that this Jesus whom men saw nailed to the Cross, and left there until he died, and whose dead body was pierced by a Roman spear, before it was taken down and prepared for burial—this same Jesus was actually seen alive by scores and hundreds of creditable witnesses after he had risen from the dead. From offering proof of the fact, the Apostle then goes on to discuss its importance, showing the hopelessness of our faith, and the false nature of the Gospel if the resurrection were not a fact.

CHRIST THE FIRSTFRUITS.

'But now,' says Paul, in introducing verse 20, for the arguments upon the fact of the resurrection and its importance have been given and he proceeds to take up its meaning. Christ, he says, has become the firstfruits of them that slept. This is an allusion to the ancient ceremony of the offering of the firstfruits, referred to in Leviticus:

'Bring a sheaf of the firstfruits of your harvest unto the priest; and he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord, to be accepted for you.' Leviticus xxiii., 10, 11.

In this connection there are also recalled the words of the Saviour, 'The harvest is the end of the world: and the reapers are the angels.' Matthew xiii., 39. So then, those who are saved through Christ are a part of the great harvest of which Christ is already the firstfruits. The Revised Version reads 'the firstfruits of them that are asleep;' indicating the whole company of saved dead in all ages, who are to be raised at the coming of Christ. Since death came by man, that is, through Adam's sin, so by man that is, by Christ, who was made man for our sakes, came the resurrection of the dead.

In verses 22-34 the apostle continues to discuss the great importance of the resurrection and shows its place in the complete work of Christ. He must reign until he has subdued all things, the last enemy being death. He conquers death first by his own rising, then by the resurrection of the dead through him. Paul further asks what hope we have if the dead rise not. From verses 34-49 he speaks as though answering someone who made a doubtful inquiry concerning this doctrine by asking as to the resurrection body. Paul shows that death and the resurrection may be compared to the sowing of a grain of wheat; the kernel sown dies, but springs to life again in a new form. What is sown in corruption and weakness is raised again in incorruption and power. In verse 50 he sums up in a sentence what he has just been saying. Then he proceeds to enlarge upon the resurrection itself.

A MYSTERY.

Well does Paul speak of what he is about to show as a mystery, something hard or impossible to understand. It is a mystery that invites the mockery of the skeptic and unbeliever, who stumble over this as they do over many other things in the Word of God that are a source of great hope and joy to the devout soul.

'We shall not all sleep,' that is, be in the grave, for, upon the return of Christ there will of course be a living generation of men. Among them will be thousands of sincere believers in Christ, doing his will while they continue upon the earth, inspired by this 'blessed hope.' When the hour that God alone knows has struck, the trumpet shall sound, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the dead shall rise, and then we who are living Christians 'shall all be changed,' putting off the old perishable garment of mortality for the new and imperishable garment of immortality

When this takes place, when death has been overcome by our Lord then shall be brought to pass the saying, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.' Isaiah xxv., 8. The Revised Version gives it, 'He hath swallowed up death forever.' The prophet Hosea also sings, 'I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grace, I will be thy destruction,' Hosea xiii., 14.

One of the difficulties of the mystery he is about to declare is found in verse 50, in the statement that 'flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.' This is one of the passages sometimes used against a future reign of Christ upon earth, but that is a forced interpretation. The idea is that this old earthly body, with its corruptible nature, is not to share in the future order of things, ushered in by the resurrection of the just. 'There is,' says Paul in verse 44, 'a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.' To be with Christ at his coming we must share his resurrection state, must have this spiritual body. Look at I. Thessalonians iv., 13-18, and notice not only the more complete explanation of the resurrection, but the great hope concerning the friends who have died:

'But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.'

The word 'prevent,' as used in this passage, means 'to go before.' The living, Paul means, shall not be caught up before the dead. But do all the dead come from the grave at this resurrection? You will notice that Paul here speaks of all those raised as being caught up to be with Christ and the redeemed forever. For answer let us turn to Revelation xx., 4-6:—

'And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall reign with him a thousand years.'

A VICTORIOUS SHOUT.

Again we find Paul uttering a shout of exultation as he realizes the wonderful truth he has just been uttering. Death has lost its sting, the grave its victory. 'The sting of death is sin,' that is, were it not for the knowledge of sin and our sinful natures, death would not have its terror for us. 'The strength of sin is the law;' the law, having been violated, will make the offender feel the weight of his sins. But we who are saved through Christ feel none of these terrors, for we have hope in this first resurrection. Notice the spirit of thanksgiving, as well as of joy, shown in verse 57:

'Therefore, the resurrection being assur-

ed, and being confident of our part, therein, we are to stand fast and abound in the work of the Lord, knowing that our labor is not in vain in the Lord.'

The Bible has many passages bearing upon the resurrection. Here are a number which may be read with profit in connection with this lesson:

Job xix., 25-27.
Psalm xvii., 15.
Isaiah xxvi., 19-21.
Daniel xii., 1-3.
Matthew xxviii.
Mark xvi.
Luke xxiv.
John xx.
John ii., 18-22.
Acts iv., 33.
Romans vi., 5-9.
I. Peter i., 6-9, 17-25.
I. John iii., 1-3.
Revelation xx and xxi.

In our next lesson we study the law of love, Romans xiii., 7-14. This is the regular temperance lesson.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, April 12.—Topic—Christ's teaching about the resurrection. John xi., 21-27, 40-44.

Junior C. E. Topic

THE RESURRECTION.

Monday, April 6.—The prophecy. Matt. xx., 19.

Tuesday, April 7.—Our resurrection. I. Cor. xv., 52.

Wednesday, April 8.—Our dear ones. Hos. xiii., 14.

Thursday, April 9.—God of the living. Luke xx., 38.

Friday, April 10.—Victory. Isa. xxv., 8.

Saturday, April 11.—Responsibility. Col. iii., 1.

Sunday, April 12.—Topic—How the Resurrection is like spring. I. Cor. xv., 35-44.

Selections from Cardinal Manning.

('The Temperance Record.')

'He knew no antagonist to the Holy Spirit of God more direct, more subtle, more stealthy, more ubiquitous than intoxicating drink.'

'I do not think that anybody who uses any drink whatsoever so as to draw so much as a cloud over the brightness of his intelligence can possibly fail to suffer in his religious character.'

'What did temperance mean? A little quantity? That was putting one's foot within the borders of temptation. Rather did temperance mean the renouncing of the cause of drunkenness altogether—keeping oneself from all occasion of temptation.'

'The intemperance that reigns in our nation does not visit us periodically like war, but year by year in permanent activity; that its action is not sporadic but universal; that it is not intermittent but continuous and incessant in its action.'

'It is precisely because we believe that our national vice can only be cured by a spontaneous, national, and moral movement, that we affirm that the only adequate power for its correction must come not from above, but from below. It is in the people themselves alone.'

'Among all the trades in this country there is only one that always prospers. Every trade at this moment is depressed, but the drink trade is always increasing; fresh capital is always ready; and the commercial interests of the great capitalists in this monopoly must always prompt them by all efforts to take advantage of every opening to increase their profits.'

'I have known persons to stand before me and promise in the most solemn manner they would cease from taking stimulants, and within an hour have been found in places of drink. The moment they had turned their backs, the powers of their will gave way. They had lost their powers of self-control, for drink is the solvent of the will.'

Thou Shalt Not Tipple.

We believe that the 'Interior,' of Chicago, acted honestly in accord with deep-seated convictions in the following instance. Nay, more, the disintegrating influence of the drinking habit upon character and reliability is so well known that the majority of men, if strictly honest with themselves, would have done the same thing. The business world is to-day telling the youth of our land, with unmistakable emphasis, that tippling means ruin to chances for promotion and honor and success. The item from the 'Interior' is as follows:

'The great international Bond Company wrote to us recently, asking for information as to young X.Y.Z. He is an applicant for a place at a fine salary, and the corporation have agreed to take him if he can get responsible bonds. He referred to us. He is not a bad fellow. But we see him once in a long while coming out of the side door of a saloon; and we heard of him as an occasional attendant at the races. We understand that he "picked up" a few stray dollars on the pools. He has a nice wife and a charming little family. But what has this to do with the point blank inquiry: "Do you know of any circumstances that would render you suspicious of his fidelity and trustworthiness?" It does not take a public scandal to ruin a man's chances, does it? We will not even hint our fears to this bond company. We simply cannot answer that letter of inquiry at all with satisfaction. So we drop it in the waste-basket; and that costs our young friend, X.Y.Z., $1.500 a year.'—'Christian Guardian.'

Cigarettes.

('Harper's Young People.')

Suppose a boy has a lot of cigarettes and smokes a few of them every day. Is there any injury in this? I can tell you, for I have had such boys for patients. Such smoking, even in so-called moderation (as if there were any such thing as moderation in stimulants for the young!) will do three things for him: 1. It will run his pulse up to one hundred or more per minute. 2. It will reduce his weight below the healthy standard. 3. It will reduce his strength and general vitality, as will appear in his pale complexion and his diminished appetite. . . . Cigarette smoking is one of the worst habits physically that a boy can form. It injures the heart and digestion, and it tends to check the growth. It gives a lad false and silly notions, and it does not bring him into good company.

The Saloon Must Pay for its Work.

The United States Court of Appeals has affirmed the judgment of the Federal Court in Nebraska that a saloon-keeper may be held financially responsible for the death of a patron who dies as a result of an accident caused by his inebriety. The suit was filed by the widow and daughter of a man who got drunk in a saloon, and, as a consequence, was thrown from a buggy and killed. The saloon-keeper was sued for damages, and the courts decided that he must pay for the death of his patron. Certainly the decision is just; and it is but one more stone in the foundation of our belief that the American people are learning too much to long tolerate a wholly bad business.—'Cumberland Presbyterian.'

Correspondence

(We do not charge, Olga, for printing letters, but as the 'Northern Messenger' will not hold all the letters written, we have to pick out what we consider the best and most interesting. And as for mistakes, we do not expect perfect letters from our readers, though we like them to write as neatly and correctly as they are able. —Correspondence Ed.)

Brown's Brae, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have read the letters in the 'Messenger,' and thought I would write one. I live a mile and a-quarter from the post-office and the Presbyterian church, and our schoolhouse. They are not very far apart, and there is a steep hill between the church and the schoolhouse, which we have fun sleigh riding down in winter. Our teacher's name is Miss Cotter. I live on a farm, and I have to work hard, picking berries to preserve and carrying the men's dinner to them about a mile away. I am glad when the spring comes and the sugar-making begins. Last year our dog Nero used to go to the boiling place with me and chase the squirrels and 'tree' the partridges; he also used to go with me to gather the sap. There is about an average of fourteen scholars attending our school. We live about eight miles from the village of Baysville. The trees are laden with snow hanging over the road. The hills are so numerous and the rocks so large. There are so many small lakes in Ridout where you could have lots of fun skating in winter. EVANGELINE B

Victoria, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much, especially the correspondence. I live in the village of Victoria, P.E.I. I have no sisters, but one brother, who is four months old, and I am very fond of him. I am eleven years old. I go to the Methodist church and Sunday-school. There is a steamboat that runs from our island to the mainland, named the 'Stanley.' She is stuck in the ice, and we can see her floating around in the straits. I go to school, and am in the fourth book. I am taking music lessons. I have just begun, and I like it very much.
RETA S.

Kildonan, Man.

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Messenger' is a very nice paper. When I was reading the correspondence, I did not see any letters from Kildonan, so I thought I would write. Kildonan is a very pretty place. The Red river flows through it. All along the bank on either side is a large bush. In the summer the bush is full of ferns, wild roses, and other flowers. There is a lot of houses along the bank, but further back there is none. Most of the men are farmers; there are not many gardens. It is pretty cold in the winter, and there is a lot of snow. In the spring it melts, and makes lots of swamps. MARIA H.

Peterboro', Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for two years, and enjoy reading it very much. As I have not seen many letters from here, I thought I would write. We live on a farm about five miles from Peterboro'. I passed the entrance examination last mid-summer, but have not gone to school since. I will tell you a few of the most important works that have grown up in our town during the last few years. Last year the Quaker Oats Company erected a fine large building, in which to make cereal foods. The cordage works, a building in which all kinds of ropes are made, was also erected. Besides these, a farmers' mill was built. A hydraulic lift lock, the largest in the world, is being built on the Trent Valley Canal, at the east side of Peterboro'; it is a wonderful structure. A piano factory was built a few years ago by the Stanley Company. We are also going to have a sugar beet factory, but it is not erected yet. I think Peterboro' will soon be an incorpor-

ated city. I will now close, wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

MARY M.

Shoal Harbor, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I am taking the 'Messenger' this year, and I like it very much. I go to school, and am in the third reader. Our stove pipes fell down last week, and we had part of a holiday. I have two sisters, Mabel and Nellie. Nellie has written to the 'Messenger' twice. We live by the water-side, and our home is lovely in summer. The house is shaded with balsam poplars, and there are lots of lovely trees in the meadows around the house. The harbor is all frozen over now, and we have fine fun skating in the evenings and on Saturdays. We live near the railway, and see the trains passing nearly every day. Steamers come here sometimes to bring coal from Sydney for the railway company. The mail steamer comes here, too. The 'Ethel' is her name. I have an uncle who spent a winter in Greenland. He went down in the 'Windward,' and lived in her for more than a year. He has been down there twice, and he tells us some funny stories about the Esquimaux.

DONALD W. H. T.

Galt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not written to this paper before, and as I have not seen any letters from Galt, I thought I would write one. Galt has a large post-office, and three stations, and a lot of stores. There are five schools in Galt, whose names are: Victoria, Dickson, Central, Catholic, and the Galt Collegiate Institute. I go to the Central, and am in the senior third book. I get the 'Messenger' at the U.P. Sabbath-school, and like it very much. I liked that story, 'The Rainbow's New Member,' very much. I got a pair of skates this winter, and have been learning to skate. We have had a hard time in Galt this winter on account of the smallpox, for there were about fifty-eight cases. We had about a month's holiday at school for us to get vaccinated. I have only got one cat for a pet, but it is enough. I get books at the library at Sunday-school, and I like none better than the Bessie books. I like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' too, although I skipped some of the sad places. I have four sisters and one brother. My father was a farmer, but he moved into town about three years ago. I will be eleven years old on the 15th of August. If anybody's birthday is the same I would like to know.

GEORGINA HELEN T. (age 10).

Cartwright, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for four years, and my grandma's children took it ever since my papa can remember. We lived on a farm in Ontario before coming to Manitoba two years ago. It is very different out here. There are not many barns or fences or gates to open. The roads or trails run in all directions, through the crops in many places, but the road allowances are being graded, and travel is being kept to them more as the prairie becomes broken. I like the winters better than I do the summers, but the winter is pretty cold and stormy. The snow just blows like fine salt, and we never have very good sleighing. We have a long way to go for wood, about eighteen or twenty miles, they say, and not very good wood either. We burn coal oil in winter when we can get it. Crops were good around here, and we had lots of hay last year. I am a 'Messenger' reader.

EDDIE A.

Beamsville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm on the mountain three miles south of Beamsville. Beamsville is a pretty town; it has waterworks, electric lights, electric railway, and a tramway that is used for carrying the large stone from the quarry in the mountain to the railway. The stone quarry is owned by Mr. Gibson, the Senator. There is a park along the Lake Ontario called Grimsby Park. We always go there with Sunday-school picnic, and I enjoy it [illegible]. I have one sister and two brothers. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Aug. 25.

LILLIE B. W. (age 10).

Quatsine, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl fourteen years old. I have two brothers, and two sisters, the youngest was two years to-day. Four of us go to school every day; we sometimes go in a boat to school. Papa and mamma and we children live together on a farm, and we have four cows, one ox and thirty-three chickens. We live near a sound, so we can see the water all the time. It is very hilly and mountainous, and covered with forest, except where papa has cleared. It is three hundred miles to our nearest town. We have two stores, one saloon, and one post-office, and we have a steamboat here once in two weeks. We had snow about one foot deep up here, but we are having nice weather now. I am in the fourth reader at school, and our teacher's name is Miss McRae; we all like her very much. I wonder if any other little girl or boy have their birthday on the same day as mine, on December 5. This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger'; but still, I hope it won't be thrown in the waste-basket.

I am going to ask a few questions:—First. Does it cost to write and send letters and get them printed? Second. Does the printer charge if there are any mistakes in letters.

OLGA S.

Scott's Bay, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a year, and could not get along without it; I got it for a Christmas present. I live near the seashore, between Cape Blomidon and Cape Split. Shad fishing in former years was one of the principal industries, but of late years it has greatly declined, and this summer was a total failure. This is a very pretty place in summer. A great many tourists come here in summer to enjoy the cool sea breeze. There are two mills, two churches, two stores, and two school-houses. My teacher's name is Miss Patterson. I am in the eighth grade.

TRUMA A. C. (age 11).

Seamo, Man.

Dear Editor,—Your 'Messenger' has been a weekly paper at our place for over four years. It first came in my sister's name, and since she got married it has come in my name. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and after I have read it I send them all to India for the little Indian boys and girls to read. We live on a farm about seventy-five miles from Winnipeg. There is not much grain grown in this part of Manitoba, as it is very stony, and there is a lot of bush and a great many swamps. All the people around here keep quite a lot of cattle. We have fifty head of cattle, and we are milking fourteen cows. It has been very cold here lately, sometimes thirty or thirty-five degrees below zero. Our farm is about eight miles from Lake Manitoba. My father and mother have lived here for over eighteen years. I have two sisters married, and one of them has a little daughter, whose name is Violet May. I signed the temperance pledge last November, and I like very much to read the Temperance Page in the 'Messenger.' We grow quite a lot of garden things, such as potatoes, carrots, turnips, mangels, beets, parsnips, corn and other small things. I help my mother do the housework. We have two churches up here, the English and the Presbyterian. I attend the Presbyterian church and Sunday-school.

F. B.

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Mother's Room.

'Tis the cheeriest room in the household,
With the window seat battered and bruised;
Where the carpets, the chair, and the table
Are never too good to be used.

Here little ones come with their sorrows,
Or bubble with laughter and noise;
Bring sweetest caresses and kisses,
And scatter their books and their toys.

There's an unceasing patter of small feet,
An opening and shutting of doors;
And the room that was swept and garnished
Is covered with spoils and stores.

In the dawn of a summer morning
There's a scampering down the stairs,
And everyone knows they are coming;
They whisper so loud their affairs.

And when the day's lesson is over
They come with their chatter and song,
To the sunniest room, where dear mother
And all that is lovely belong.

If the threads of their lives get tangled,
She quietly straightens them out,
And gathers them, sweetly united,
Her little low rocker about.

Dear mother, o'er all presiding,
O honored and beautiful queen,
You gather your loving subjects
With a grace that is rarely seen.

Then who, to keep spotless and tidy
The carpets, the windows, and doors,
Would lose the sweet laughter of childhood,
And love from such beautiful stores?

—Vick's Magazine.

Cooking Beets.

(By Mrs. Rose Seelye-Miller, in N. Y. 'Observer.')

There are more ways than one to prepare many of the standard dishes of vegetables, then why always cook in the same way? Beets are excellent appetizers, but are rarely served on the common table except as pickles or with vinegar.

Creamed beets are a delicious dish which once tried will become a standard home dish. Cook beets until very tender, it will take an hour or more to cook them. When done remove the skin and cut in very small pieces, make ready a good cream dressing or one of drawn butter if you have not the cream, and pour over the beets, season with white pepper and salt and serve hot.

A good rule for the dressing is a cup of sweet cream, a level tablespoonful of flour or corn starch, mixed smooth in cold milk or cream, stir into the cream when boiling hot. Just let come to a boil and pour over the hot beets. For drawn butter, two tablespoonfuls of butter melted and a tablespoonful of flour stirred into it, but not browned. Add a cup of milk and let come to a boil.

Another good way to serve beets is to chop them and heat up in good sweet, melted butter, plenty of it, season with salt and white pepper.

A beet hash is relished for the farmer's supper sometimes. Chop beets that have stood in vinegar an hour or more and mix with an equal quantity of chopped potatoes. Season well with salt, pepper and plenty of butter or beef drippings. This dish is good with an equal quantity of chopped beef added, that is, as much beef as there is potatoes, thus making it one-third beef.

Rejoice Evermore.

While musing over the unsatisfactory result of many years' hard labor in business, and wondering how it was that God-fearing men are often baffled in life's struggle, and find themselves unable (notwithstanding all their most strenuous ef-

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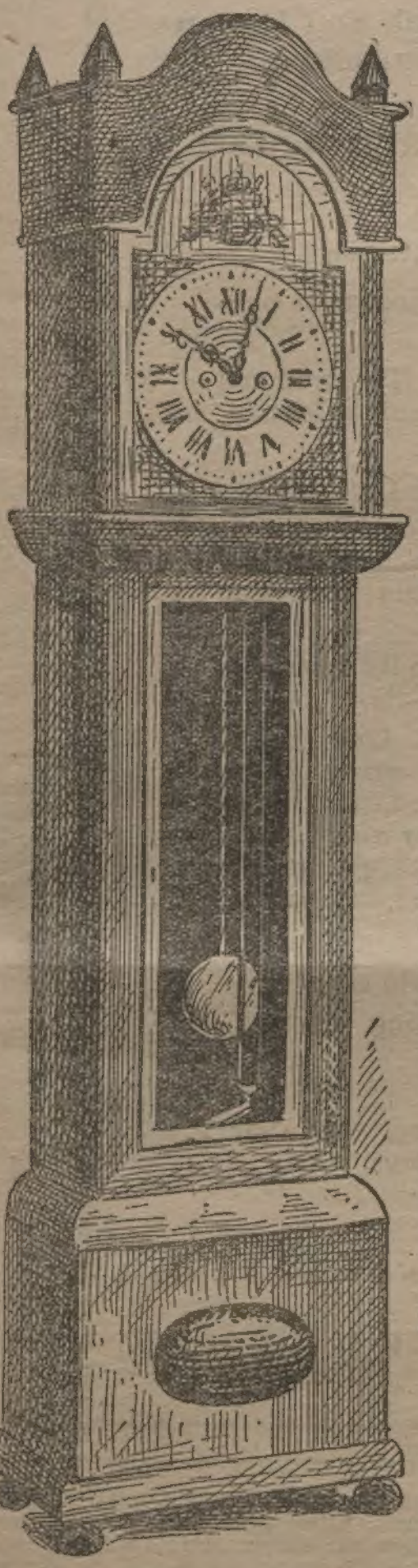

WHEN THE CLOCK RUNS DOWN

what do you do? When your system runs down, **what should you do?** You know the answer to the first question; the answer to the second is found in the wonderful success of that still more wonderful remedy—**VITÆ-ORE.**

When the nerves are unstrung, the muscles loosened, the energies run down, the vitality impaired, it serves as the **right key** to fit the delicate mechanism of the human system, the **right force** at the right time to set the machinery in motion, to rewind the energies, to tighten the nerve forces, the replenish the vitality, It is the ideal Blood Vitalizer, Germ Destroyer, Flesh Maker, Disease Curer, Brawn Builder, and Health Restorer.

No other remedy can equal its **record of cures.** No other remedy can be offered to the public on the terms it is offered. Read our special offer! **YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!**

Read Our Special Offer.

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of "THE NORTHERN MESSENGER," or worthy person, recommended by a subscriber or reader, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of **VITÆ-ORE,** by mail, **postpaid,** sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. **Read** this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only **when it has done you good, and not before.** We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. **Vitæ-Ore** is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance--mineral—**Ore**—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as **Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility,** as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. **Vitæ-Ore** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

Vitæ-Ore will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper, if you will give it a trial. **Send for a $1 package at our risk.** You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. **We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge!** Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try **Vitæ-Ore** on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. **We mean just what we say** in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. **Address**

THEO. NOEL, Geologist,

Dept. A. M.,
101 York Street,

Toronto, Ont.

forts) to stem the strong tide of adversity that sets in against them, I was led to 'search the Scriptures' to see what was recorded in them about despondency. I could not find such a word, but my eye rested upon that precious commandment, 'Rejoice evermore.' What a comfort to know that God reigns, and that Christians can be happy and enjoy perfect peace even while in the deepest temporal affliction, and under the severest trials for we are assured that 'all things work together for good to those that love God,' and that consequently he blesses them under all circumstances, if they only keep walking with, and looking to, him. How sweet to hear his voice saying, 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not thou dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness' (Isa. xli., 10.)—'Word and Work.'

The Woman Who Walks.

(Agnes Wilder, in the 'New England Homestead.')

As a beneficial exercise walking can hardly be over-rated. It has always seemed to me a great pity that so few women appreciate this. Boys, particularly country boys, are led afield by the nature of their pleasures and pursuits. They early learn to walk, to tramp if you please. Their sisters, on the contrary, are kept about the home. Their work is indoors. Their games keep them to the door-yard. If, perchance, they do run and participate in the pleasures of their brothers they are chided as being unladylike. The result is logical. When they attain the status of womanhood they are physically deficient. A mile walk tires them. A five-mile walk is a feat to brag of.

Nature never intended this. A woman should be able to tramp ten miles and enjoy every step of it. Said a little woman to me after a brisk two-mile walk, 'Oh, why didn't I learn to walk before! I used to be troubled with backache and headache. Since I have walked systematically out of doors every day, no matter what the weather, I have had almost no trouble at all with back or head. I never felt so well in my life.'

Walk a mile or two at least, every day. Walk briskly. Swing the arms. Take a good stride and learn to tread squarely on heel and toe. Every muscle in the body will respond. Every vital organ will be benefited. The lungs will expand and with increase of capacity for ozone comes better and richer blood. Begin gradually, increasing your distance as you feel capable. Your daily exercise will soon be-

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come one of the greatest pleasures of the day's routine. You will keep in better physical and mental tone. Try it.

Selected Recipes

Farina and Apples.—One pint boiling water in double boiler, one teaspoonful salt; stir into this one-quarter cupful of farina. While it is thickening, wipe and pare two sour apples, cut into slices, stir into the farina, cook one-half hour. May be served hot with sugar and cream or turned into a mould and served with whipped cream. This is made of one-half cupful sweet cream, one teaspoonful lemon juice, one tablespoonful powdered sugar.

Delicious Baked Potato.—One way of varying the monotony of baked potatoes is to cut off the end, remove the inside, mash, adding milk, butter, salt and pepper, the same as for mashed potatoes. Then place the mashed potato back in the potato shells, stick in the end of each a slice of bacon fried crisp. Place in the oven and heat through. This makes an ideal luncheon dish. Another way is to add grated cheese to the mashed potato and place back in the shell and heat through so that the cheese melts. Some hostesses garnish potatoes baked this way with a bit of white of egg beaten stiff and a spray of parsley.—'What to eat.'

Oyster Patties.—Clean and cut celery into small pieces and cook until tender in boiling salted water. Rub enough of the soft celery through a colander to make a cupful. In a saucepan melt a teaspoonful of butter and mix smoothly into it a heaping tablespoonful of flour. Add a cupful of hot milk and cook until creamy; add the soft celery and half a pint of oysters, add more salt if needed, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper and a few drops of lemon juice; cook until the oysters curl, when the filling is ready for the ramekins. Serve hot.

An Admirable Food

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Write for Announcement of the **Northern Business College**, Owen Sound, Ontario, the leading College in the Dominion. C.A. Fleming, Principal

USE **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

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In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger.' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

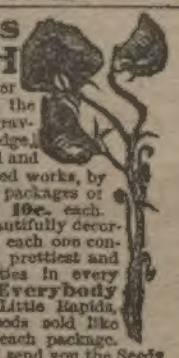
Earn This Watch

with polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless wind, imported works, by selling at **10c.** each only **15 Glass Pens.** These pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **postcard** to-day and we will send you the pens postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **Pen Co.**, Dept. 452, Toronto.

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at **10c.** each only **15** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Mrs. J. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I sold my Flavoring Extracts in a few minutes. I can sell it just as fast as you can handle it." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, Marshall, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Standard Flavoring Co.**, Dept. 447 Toronto.

Earn This WATCH



With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, imported works, by selling only **15** large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 462 TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets,** set in a **beautifully engraved real Solid Gold Ring,** given for selling only **10** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys.** Mrs. A. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. A. Goodick, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **The PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 454, TORONTO.**

PICTURES ON CREDIT

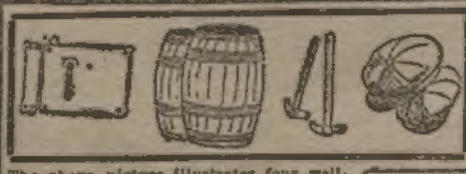
—NO SECURITY ASKED—

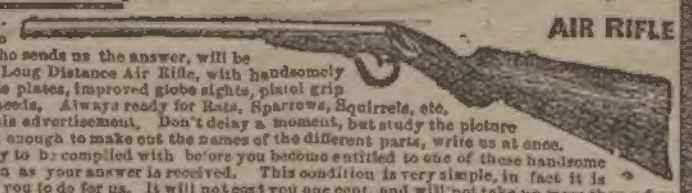
We send you **15** large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept. **408** Toronto.

THE LOVELIEST SILK REMNANTS YOU EVER SAW. ALMOST GIVEN AWAY

Enough heavy, rich, elegant Silk Squares to make **2 large sofa cushions for only 15c.** All good big pieces, some so large that you will have to cut them up. **How can we do it?** Why, because we picked up a great bargain at a European Silk Mill. They had an immense stock of extra fine samples of their very best silks cut in large pieces for their travellers to take orders with from wholesale houses, and offered us the lot at a price which enabled us to give you this great bargain. We closed the deal and now we are giving our lady friends the benefit. Think of a package of these beautiful, large pieces, **all of the newest patterns, stripes, checks, flowers, rich heavy quality,** enough to make two large cushions, or drapes, tidies, and a hundred other lovely things to beautify your home, for only 15c. In making this kind of fancy work a great point is to have a variety of patterns, is it not? Well, **in the whole of this immense stock there are no two pieces alike. With each package we send free a booklet showing over 100 fancy stitches** for ornamenting the seams, which will add a hundredfold to the beauty of your work. **Don't miss this chance.** We shall never be able to buy pieces like these again, and so will not be able to offer them to you. **Read what ladies say who have bought our Silk Squares:** Corval P.O., Ont., "I was very much pleased with the Silk Remnants. There were more pieces and of better quality than I expected."—Mrs. T. Ibbitson. Salem P.O., Ont., "I think your Silk Remnants are just lovely. Please send me some more."—Miss Aggie Smellie. Milestown P.O., "I enclose 25c. for 2 more packages of Silk Remnants. I was very much pleased with both the quality and quantity, as you may judge by my repeating my order."—Mrs. W. E. Saxby. Pembroke, Ont., "I am very much satisfied and delighted with the Silk pieces received. I have found them very useful and beautiful."—Mrs. J. Henteau. Centralia, Ont., "I am sending for 2 more packages of Silk pieces, I think they are very nice and the cheapest bargain I ever got."—Mrs. Wm. Huxtable. We have hundreds more like these. Price, 1 package, 15c.; 2 for 25c. Don't send stamps. Already we have filled 11,781 15c. orders, and 17,023 25c. orders. **The Home Supply Co., Silk Dept. 410, Toronto, Ontario.**

BOYS, ATTENTION!





The above picture illustrates four well-known parts of a gun. To every boy who is able to name the different parts, and who sends us the answer, will be given, absolutely Free, a fine All-Steel Long Distance Air Rifle, with handsomely nickel-plated barrel, trigger guard and side plates, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Just what every boy needs. Always ready for Rats, Sparrows, Squirrels, etc. It does not cost you one cent to answer this advertisement. Don't delay a moment, but study the picture carefully, and if you are clever and smart enough to make out the names of the different parts, write us at once. There is only one other condition necessary to be complied with before you become entitled to one of these handsome Rifles, of which we shall write you as soon as your answer is received. This condition is very simple, in fact it is merely a slight favor which we would like you to do for us. It will not cost you one cent, and will not take up more than a few minutes of your spare time. Write at once. **THE ENTERPRISE CO., Rifle Dept. 499, Toronto.**

COMPLETE FISHING OUTFIT FREE

Boys! Just look at this Outfit: 1 finely made polished Brass Reel, 1 50-foot braided Water Line, 12 Hooks (all kinds), 6 Flies, 1 Trolling Spoon, 1 6 foot Gut Leader, 1 colored Float and 6 Sinkers. All these given **free** for selling only **15 Glass Pens** at **10c.** each. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** for Pens to-day. Think of the catch you would make fishing with this splendid outfit. You wouldn't leave a fish in the pond. **The Pen Co.**, Dept. 423, Toronto

TOOT! TOOT! TOOT!

Boys! Look Here. A real Steam Engine and Boiler **Free.** Powerful, smooth running, easy to operate Has safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head connecting rod, and crank shaft with fly wheel attached. A perfect engine, given for selling only **1 doz. Glass Pens** at **10c.** each. These wonderful Pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 413, TORONTO, Ontario**

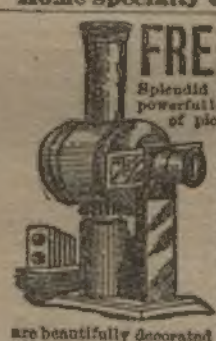
FREE VIOLIN

Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin full size, Stradivarius Model, made of selected wood with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings **given** for selling only **10 Canadian Home Cook Books at 15c.** each. These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. They are the easiest sellers ever handled. **Every lady buys one.** Winnie Foote, Vancouver, B.C., said: "Everyone was pleased with the Cook Books and thought them the neatest and cheapest Cook Book they had ever seen." A 50c. certificate free with each book. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. William Yorke, Two Islands, N.S., said: "My violin is a beauty. I was offered $5.00 for it the day I received it." The complete outfit shown in the picture including Violin, Bow, extra set of strings, Resin, complete Self-Instructor and black Japanned brass-trimmed, full-flannel lined Carrying Case, given for selling 2 doz. Cook Books. Write to-day. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT 489, TORONTO.**

14K. GOLD WATCH FREE

What is the use of spending $25.00 or $50.00 for a Watch when you can get one for nothing that looks like a Solid Gold Watch and keeps time equal to any $50.00 Watch. Here is your chance. We will give this handsome reliable Watch to any person who will sell for us only **15 Canadian Home Cook Books at 15c.** each. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. **Every Lady buys one.** A 50c. certificate free with each Book. This is not a cheap pocket clock, but a handsome Watch, finished in 14k. gold, elegantly engraved, beautifully ornamented, stem wind and set, fitted with reliable American works, carefully timed and adjusted before leaving the factory, and positively guaranteed by the maker. If you could afford to pay $50.00 for a Watch you could not get one that would look better, or keep better time than the one we here offer you absolutely free. T. F. Dunbar, Renfrew, Ont., says: "I sold the Watch for $6.00 as soon as I got it." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. They sell themselves **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 474, Toronto, Ont.**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE



Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling only **1 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, of every imaginable color. **You can sell 3 and 4 packages in every house.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both** the **Lantern** and **Engine. The DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT 459 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE

Beautiful Gold Finished **Opal Ring** and **Gold** or **Silver** composition full size Curb Chain **Bracelet given free** for selling at **15c.** each only **7 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** Choice Recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** A 50c. Certificate free with each Book. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. Sell them, return $1.05, and we will forward **both the Opal Ring and Bracelet.** Don't miss this chance but write at once. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 451, Toronto, Ont**

Boys don't miss this Chance.

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate colouring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece given for selling at **10c.** each only **1½ doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankoski, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 464, TORONTO.**

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable colour. **Everybody buys them.** Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Prize Seed Co.**, Dept. 426, Toronto.

FREE VIOLIN

Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are hot sellers.** Everybody buys. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. A. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." **Prize Seed Co.**, Dept 423 Toronto

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS! We trust you with **10** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring, also a Gold or Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **10** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.**, Dept **451** Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 468 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE PARLOR ACCORDEON

With 8 nickel keys, 2 sets of reeds, mahogany finished case with ebonized trimmings and gilt decorations **given** for selling at **10c.** each only **10** Glass Pens. These wonderful Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. S. Wilton, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received my Accordeon and am quite delighted with it. My friends were all surprised to see what a handsome Premium I got for so little trouble." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Pens postpaid. **THE PEN CO., Dept 419 TORONTO, Ont.**

DRESSED DOLL FREE!

GIRLS, would you like to have this beautiful dressed doll? If so, send us your name and address on a **post card** and we will send you **one doz.** large, beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** postpaid. Sell them at **10c.** each, return us $1.20 and we will immediately send you **the most beautiful Doll you have ever seen.** Dolly is fully and fashionably dressed, including a stylish hat, underwear trimmed with lace, stockings and cute little slippers ornamented with silver buckles. She has lovely golden curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and jointed body.

Eva Gilley, New Westminster, B.C., said: "I received your pretty Doll and am very much pleased with it. It is a perfect beauty and far exceeded my expectations."

Lizzie Sproute, Newdale, Man., said: "I received the Doll and think it is a fine Premium. It is the loveliest Doll I have ever had."

Gertie McDonald, Bonavista Bay, Newfoundland, said: "Thanks very much for my beautiful Doll. I am more than pleased with it."

GIRLS, just stop and think what a truly wonderful bargain we are offering you. **You can get this lovely big Doll completely dressed for selling only ONE DOZEN packages of Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys.**

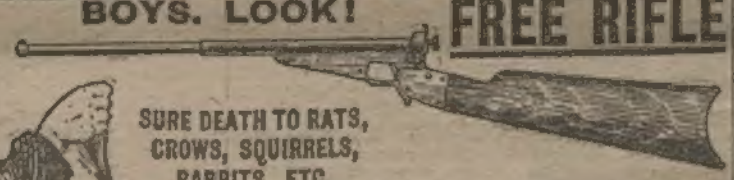
Maggie Sinclair, Shelburne, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. It is a pleasure to sell them."

Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seed sold. They went like wildfire."

A 50c. certificate **free** with each package. Girls, write us at once and **this beautiful Dolly will be your very own in a short time.**

Prize Seed Co., Dept. 470, Toronto

BOYS, LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.**, Dept. **414**, Toronto.

BARGAIN SALE

Remnants of SILK RIBBONS almost FREE

We have recently purchased several Thousand Dollars worth of Ribbon Remnants in London, England, much below the actual cost of manufacture. We are thereby enabled to offer the lady readers of this paper **an immense bargain** in choice Ribbons. They are all from **one to three yards in length,** and some **5 inches wide.** Amongst these Ribbons are some of the very finest quality; Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman and various other plain and fancy styles, in a variety of fashionable colors, **all shades and widths,** suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. All first class. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price. **Don't miss this Bargain. Mrs. W. Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "I consider your Ribbons the cheapest Bargain I ever got." Price, per box, only 35c., or 3 boxes for 90c. postpaid. Millinery Supply Co., Box N., Toronto.

ENAMELLED LADY'S WATCH FREE

for selling at **10c.** each only 2 **doz.** Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Non-alcoholic Flavoring Powders.** One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Miss E. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., said: "I sold all the Flavoring Powders in half an hour. It is just play to sell it." You can easily earn this beautiful little watch in a few minutes. It is open face, with fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. The case is solid silver nickel, beautifully finished with a large rose with buds and leaves elegantly enamelled in seven colors, a perfect copy of Nature's art. Nothing half so beautiful has ever been offered for so little work. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., said: "I received my watch in good order and think it is a perfect beauty." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Standard Flavoring Co. Dept. 468 Toronto

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets,** set in a **beautifully engraved real Solid Gold Ring,** given for selling at 15c. each only 7 Canadian Home Cook Books. These books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. With each Cook Book we give a 50c. certificate free. **Every housekeeper buys one.** J. Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., said: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. A. Goodick, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 454, Toronto.**

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A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, **12c.**, postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401 Toronto.

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